

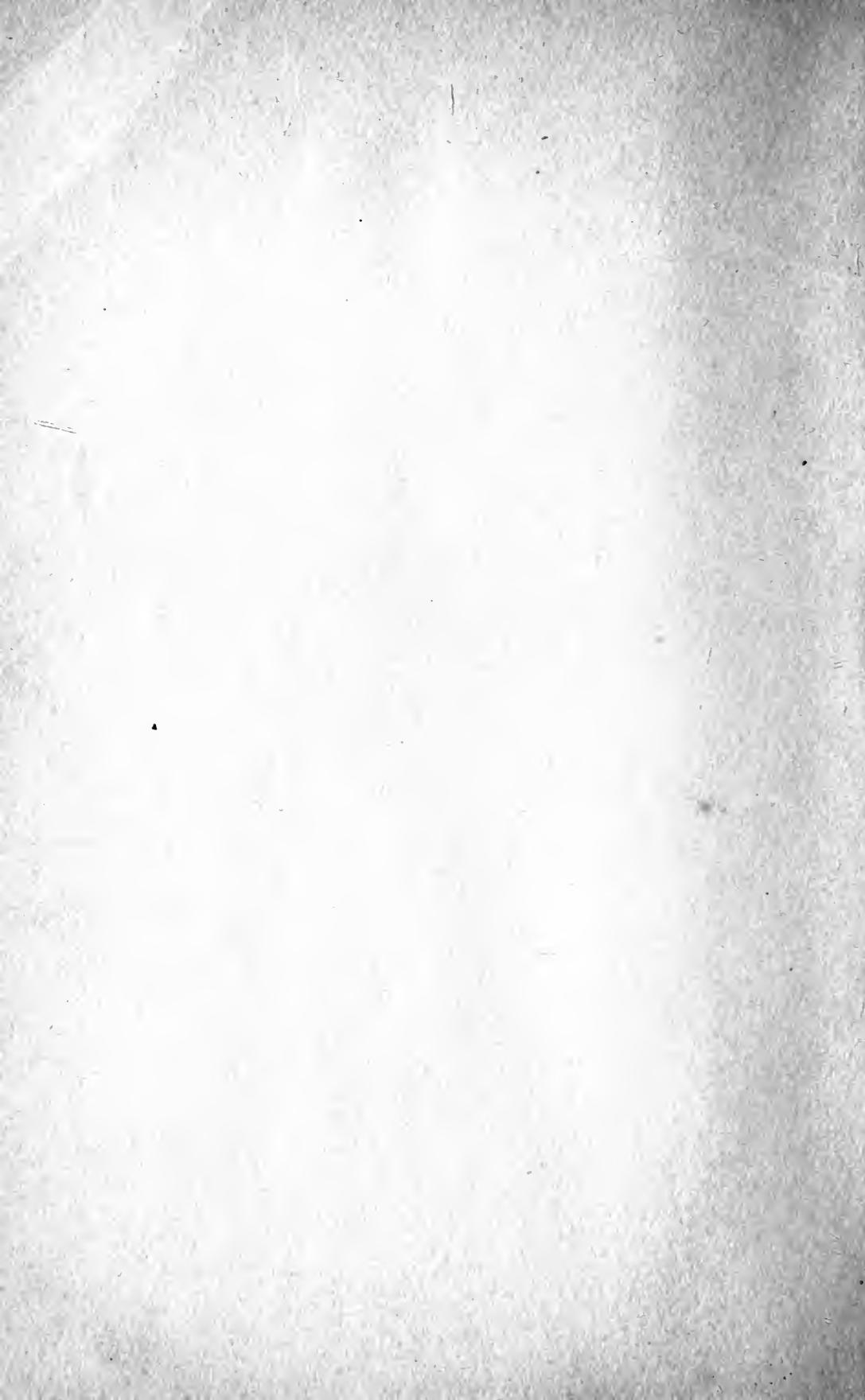
Rhythmic Ramblings

in Battle Scarred 

Manassas



By DOUGLAS CLARK



245

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L. J. Jackson

Rhythmic Ramblings

in Battle Scarred 

Manassas  

By DOUGLAS CLARK

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PRESS OF
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PHILADELPHIA

Stonewall Jackson

Our Samson meddled not with self indulgent dalliance—
Nor shamed the uses of his God-given strength—
Our champion schooled his will to humble self reliance—
And followed duty to its utmost length.
Not bound and blinded or the sport of fools—
Did he at last the dart of death defy—
Resigned he bowed to Him who overrules—
And strengthened angels by his victory.

The "Lost Cause" Found

The soil baptized in patriot blood
Becomes a patriot shrine
The purging tide of war's red strife
The sacrificial flow of life
Is kin to the divine.

Our national escutcheon gleans
Like Aaron's breastplate now;
The tribes are one,
And freedom's lamp
Shines on a reunited camp
While peace renews her vow.

For mark it well that freedom's cause
Is served by free intent,
That battles lost and battles won
Are not the last criterion
Of noble sentiment.

And they who freely give their all
For cherished ideal's sake
May see their banners furled for aye,
Their veteran armies melt away
With sob of hearts that break.

But freedom's hope will not be lost,
Its light can never wane,
The blood and tears
The long dark years
Shall not have been in vain.

The cause that calls to its defence
The might of faith filled men
That cause tho humbled in the dust
By virtue of its nature must
Transformed live again.

Mt. Hebron Cemetery, Winchester, Va.

A MEDITATION.

Sweet sylvan refuge from the stir and strife,
That wears and tears the spirit of a man,
Thou silent prophet of immortal life,
How soul refreshing is thy brooding calm.

Oh, surely if on this sad earth there be
A spot we truly may call holy ground
'Tis found where dear but frail mortality
In hushed retirement, rests in sleep profound.

High over all the mildew and decay,
That plows relentless through the sacred dust,
Hope's banner waves a welcome to the day
That waits to wake the slumber of the just.

Oh wondrous grace that swings the portals wide,
Where sense would teach us life is lost in death.
Oh! faith that brings a Saviour to our side,
Who makes it plain that life is more than breath.

Sweet sylvan refuge, as I turn to go,
Where present duty claims its share of time,
Thy sheltering confines to the dead we owe;
For Christian hope makes death itself sublime.

To My Infant Son

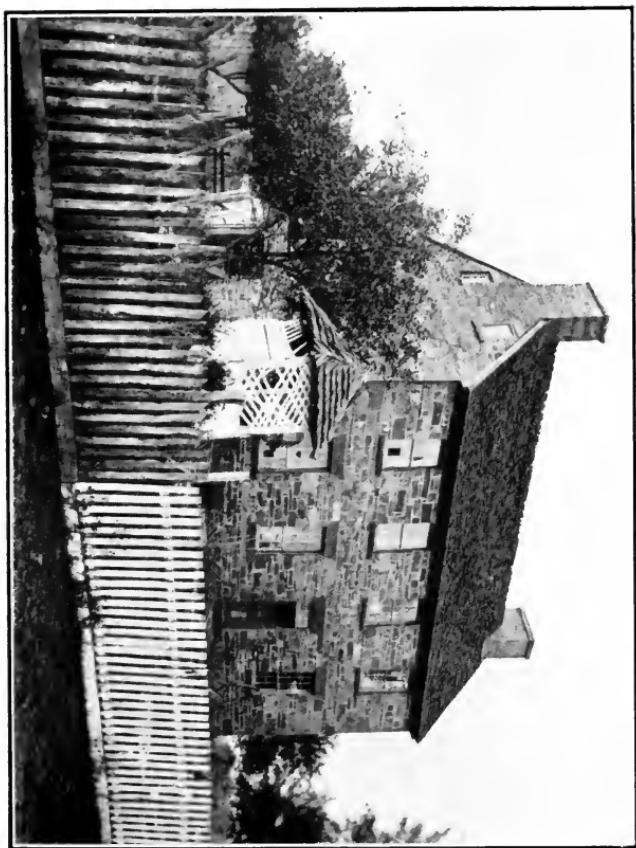
You squeal too much, my little man;
You wabble when you walk,
You nine-months-old American;
You "Goo-Goo" when you talk.

But older folks are "Squealers," too.
They wobble in their moral walk;
Their speech is just grown-up "Goo-Goo,"
Though words flow freely when they talk.

So squeal away, my little man,
Do all that's natural to a baby,
But quit it all, as soon's you can,
And life's best prize you'll win—maybe.



STONE HOUSE, ON THE WARRENTON AND ALEXANDRIA TURNPIKE, BULL RUN
BATTLEFIELD, USED AS HOSPITAL FOR BOTH ARMIES, 1861-1862.



Idolatry vs. I=dollar=try

We do not worship idols in this enlightened land;
We leave all that to pagan sin and folly.
Here business and religion walk sweetly hand in hand,
And the watch-word of the nation is—be jolly.

For our faith is found expressed on the silver dollar's
breast,
And it grandly, proudly reads: "In God we trust;"
Surely, that should place forever our name among the
blest,
And free our nation's commerce from the greedy
gain of lust.

Oh, we all may safely join the scramble for the coin
Which carries far and near this pious phrase;
Its pursuit will never move or tempt us to purloin,
Or take a mean advantage by sharp or crooked ways.

Alas, the phrase means little on the dollar's shining
face.
Trust in God is not a product of the mint.
As a medium of exchange, gold and silver have their
place,
They save the nation's credit, and from famine's
cruel stint.

But it is a false confessor of man's supreme belief,
And trust in God the Maker of us all;
The living not the molten word gives burdened souls
relief,
And ministers sufficiency alike to great and small.

The dollar is a servant, a quick, obedient slave;
Its place is on the footstool, not the throne.
It is worse than pagan folly to call on it to save,
For 'tis naught but dust returning to its own.

Do we not worship idols in this enlightened land,
When we cringe and bow and fawn upon the dollar?
The god we trust is silver, enshrined within the hand,
And our poor, starved souls grow smaller, ever
smaller.

Oh, let not pride and arrogance and greed's seductive
sway
Blind our eyes to idol worship here at home.
By freedom's holy energy let us rise and put away
The cursed love of money from all we call our own.

The House of the Interpreter

(The grave of Mrs. Henry, who was killed in her own house on the battlefield of 1st Manassas.)

The house of the interpreter is silent, cold and dark
It crowns the summit of a lonely hill,
Its tenant, heedless of the hurrying years,
Ceased long ago to balance good and ill;
Its lowly roof scarce tops the neighboring sod.
No summons brings an answer to the door
That door was sealed by war's unpitying hand,
And sealed remains till war shall be no more.
A wife, a mother rests within this house—
An aged woman fourscore years and five.
Wife, mother, woman, names of priceless grace
The trinity that keeps fair virtue's cause alive.
Beneath her own roof tree, this helpless matron fell—
Killed by the wandering bolts of battle's frenzied
strife,
When brother sought to pierce a brother's heart
And stop the pulsing current of its life,
For States once joined in wedlock's holy bonds,
Through sore misunderstanding broke their solemn
vow,
And sons well nourished at the self-same breast
In deadly feud are fiercely wrestling now.
This long, sad chapter in the nation's life,
Written in blood, yet sanctified by tears,
Needs an interpreter free from passion's sway
To teach its lesson to the coming years.
Where else shall such interpreter be found
If not within that lone grave on the hill,
Which marks the savage crest of war's fierce wave,
And by its pathos whispers, "Peace be still"?
Oh grave of helpless age, dug by the dragon claws
Of Satan's host who scatter sparks of hell
In the dry stubble of our wayward minds,
And weave around us hate's infernal spell.
Speak to the veteran eyc of North and South
That reads her fate whose form thy clods embrace,
Say to the nation and her warrior sons,
"Your country's glory shines in mercy's face."



FEDERAL MONUMENT, ON LAWN EAST OF HENRY HOUSE. ERECTED BY A DETAIL FROM THE 5TH PENN. H. A. BY ORDER OF GEN. GAMBLE. DEDICATED JUNE 10, '65.

Anvil and Hammer

Who has not heard the music of the anvil ringing clear,
At dawn or dusk, or through the heat of day?
What a cheery voice of honest thrift it lends to all
around;
A tonic to the sweat and grime of labor's busy way.

You would think to hear it chiming 'neath the black-smith's sturdy blow,
As he hammers, hammers, hammers hour by hour,
That rack and ruin soon would signalize its doom,
And cast it out disabled, by the brawny striker's power.

But, no. It still keeps singing when other strikers rise,
And hammer after hammer has gone its worn-out way.
'Tis because it is an anvil made to shape and not be shaped
That it still rings out a welcome to the labors of the day.

So does the Word Eternal keep singing in the soul,
While blow on blow is raining hard upon its mail-clad breast.
It bears it all, it suffers all, but while it bears it shapes
Creation's groans and tears and curse into creation's rest.

Haggai, 2: 8

Yea, Lord! the silver and the gold are Thine,
But not to hoard secure;
Thou art the mint of love divine,
Thy riches bless the poor.

The “poor in spirit,” Lord, not those
Who needy still deny Thee,
Who charge Thee with their bitter woes
And gaunt impiety.

Such are not straightened, Lord, in Thee,
Thy hands for all are full,
And bountiful sufficiency
Rewards the trusting soul.

We lay our sordid margins by
To meet the “rainy day”
That never yet obscured the sky
Of saints who work and pray.

For prayer and work mean trust in God.
And trust no cloud can see;
Light shines supernal on the road
Where faith and works agree.

Yea, Lord! the silver and the gold are Thine,
For righteous distribution;
Thou art the mint of love divine—
Relieve our destitution.

Are You Dutch, Little Boy?

Are you Dutch, little boy? Are you Dutch?
If not, why is it, you rogue,
You squander your pennies for pretzels
And talk with a quaint German brogue?

Are you Dutch, little boy? Are you Dutch?
Very well, let us see what that means;
Take my hand, let us journey together
Through grim and heart-stirring scenes.

Far away and long, long ago
In a city called Amsterdam,
There was room for the priest and the courtier,
But little room for the man.

For human creed and greed combined
Had opened wide their maw
To swallow down men of renown.
Who reverenced God's law.

These men were Hollanders, my boy,
Of spirit stern and tried;
They truly sought their country's good,
For her they would have died.

But they were loyal, first of all,
To Him who speaks from Heaven,
From whom all blessing first proceeds,
Through whom all grace is given.

And when their country sold herself
To work the will of man,
These noble Dutch preserved their faith
And fell beneath the ban.

The cruel, shameful, spiteful ban,
Designed to cow the soul
And subject every Heaven-born hope
To priest-craft's dread control.

Their native land they had to flee;
Hard-pressed by those they sought to save,
The wilderness became their home,
Far distant o'er the tossing wave.

To this new world these exiles came;
With others they were joined in heart,
Whose dauntless faith and energy
This land to freedom set apart.

Are you glad, little boy, you are Dutch?
Then may you be worthy, my lad,
Of those who left Holland behind them
For the vision of freedom they had.

Their Rest is Sweet

We miss them here at every turn;
The sad hours o'er time's dial creep.
They come not to our hearts forlorn,
But, O thank God their rest is sweet.

Above their dust the wild flowers bloom
And wreath the low mounds at our feet.
They speak of triumph o'er the tomb
And rest with Him, whose rest is sweet.

And yet the scalding tear will flow,
When screened in solitude's retreat.
Love cannot love's last right forego,
Although 'tis true their rest is sweet.

O! Jesus, Lord of life and death,
Didst thou not over Lazarus weep?
And is it not thy word, that saith,
"He giveth His beloved sleep"?

We lift our heavy hands to Thee;
We cry aloud from out the deep;
Grief's burden drops, its shadows flee.
We trust Thy word—their rest is sweet.

Oh! sorely missed at every turn,
In God's good time we'll surely meet.
The grave is no unyielding bourne;
God loves, Christ lives, your rest is sweet.



HERE GENERAL JACKSON RECEIVED THE NAME "STONEWALL," JULY 21ST, 1861.

Stonewall and Bee

“Rally behind the Virginians,
There Jackson stands like a stone wall;
Follow me, we fall back no farther
Tho’ the last gallant comrade should fall.”

Well spoken, brave General Bee;
Well done, peerless Jackson, well done.
Word and deed of such valorous blend
Perish not with the light of the sun.

With his face to the bellowing storm
Of war, in its angriest mood,
The fearless Bee valiantly fell,
And “Stonewall” took root in his blood.

And wherever the prowess of arms
Is sung by the brave and the free.
There chivalrous hearts will respond
To the names of Stonewall and Bee.

The Lament of the Old Church Carpet

The end has come, and here I stand
In rolls against the wall
A strong but faded second-hand,
And lightly prized by all.

I should have known 'twould come to this,
And made due preparation;
Earth's fairest fabrics cannot miss
The day of visitation.

But men and carpets are alike
So far as I'm aware;
The evil day they both will slight
In spite of wear and tear.

Ah me! I've kissed the feet of saints
For many blessed years
Who here to God made their complaints
And triumphed o'er their fears.

My bosom hushed the heavy tread
Of manhood in its prime,
Bearing to rest the sainted dead
Beyond the bourne of time.

My blended hues bright greeting gave
To bridegroom and to bride;
But now I'm going to my grave,
I'm old and laid aside.

Oh, is there not some modest floor
Where romping children play,
Where I might stretch my length once more
Before I end my day?

I'm sure there is, so come along
And end my isolation.
It's true I'm faded, but I'm strong,
So heed my exhortation.

I'll suit the darlings to a dot;
They love what is "off color."
I'll spend my old age with the tots—
Yard! quarter of a dollar.

Two Flags

Above the gray horizon
A black sail looms in view,
Driving a rakish, sullen hull
Manned by a murderous crew.
Aloft with sinuous menace
The black flag flutters free,
With skull and cross bones heralding
The outlaws of the sea.
Like vultures swooping to the prey
With glint of hungry eye,
Like creeping panther stealing near
The fawn that soon must die.
So with grim spread of canvas
The pirate crew sweeps on,
To glut its greed with bloody deed
And glory in the wrong.
But might by might must perish
So truth proclaims abroad,
Unless transformed by justice
And the mercy of our God.
And deep the pirates find a grave
Beneath the trackless sea.
Fierce flame and sword their sure reward
For ruthless robbery.
The staunch old ship of Zion
Hoists white sail to the breeze,
Her stately prow cleaves progress
Through calm or stormy seas.
No fear has she of prowling craft
Athwart her heavenly course,
While all the crew pay what is due
Without demand or force.
But when the black flag *debt*
Hangs fluttering from the peak,
Her ploughing keel the quicksands feel
Her stout frame springs a leak.
The pirate crew has found her out,
The end is close at hand,
And soon a lone dismantled hulk
Lies rotting on the sand.
Alas! the pirates are on board
Tho' saints they are called, too,
They make mad shipwreck of their faith
Withholding what is due.
Ahoy! pay up and so pull down
This heaven-affronting rag,
Ahoy! Man ship!! unfurl aloft
Immanuel's *debtless* flag.

Rev. Rosling G. Howlett

AUTHOR OF ANGLO-ISRAEL, AND ONE TIME PASTOR OF
CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A man of God has passed beyond our gaze
His message spoken and his work well done.
Indifferent now to human blame or praise
He walks in light more glorious than the sun.

He stood among us for the ancient faith
That thrilled and moved the seed of Abraham;
The flush of fire prophetic touched his face
When pleading Israel's hope against the Gentile ban.

The glow and heat that warmed his rugged speech
Flung back the pall of cold phlegmatic thinking
He stood a prophet, called of God to preach
The Rock of Israel—faithful, true, unshrinking.

Alas, my brother tho' the time is short
For waiting, working in this maze of years
Your brave, strong presence in the "upper court"
Bequeaths to us a legacy of tears.

We look, we listen for some champion tongue
To plead the cause of Zion's desolation,
Whose songs are mute, whose harps are all unstrung.
Who clothed in sackcloth cries for consolation.

We look, we listen, but, alas, in vain
Lips touched with fire for Israel's hope are few.
Many who love and laud the Saviour's name
Strangely forget that Jesus was a Jew.

We do not blame, we only long to hear
A pleading voice for Israel, like your own.
We miss the accent of the Hebrew seer,
Vibrant with promise for King David's throne.

Farewell, brave heart, until the dayspring rise
To flood with glory earth's low, barren waste.
Farewell till outcast Israel ends her sighs
Upon Messiah's breast—the time makes haste.

Redemption Draweth Nigh

The saints abide the coming of their now rejected King,
The darkest night of trial, with its splendor is agleam;
By faith's unclouded vision its stately march is seen.
Lift up your heads, Redemption draweth nigh.

The passing generations with this hope have been Aflame,
While death's exultant chuckle rang through Hades' dark domain.
But death itself bears witness that Jesus comes to reign.
Praise the Lord, Redemption draweth nigh.

Every sleeper in Christ Jesus only waits the trumpet's sound
To rise to life immortal from slumber in the ground.
They will see Creation's enemy cast out dethroned, uncrowned.
Hallelujah! Redemption draweth nigh.

O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!
Soon dragging at the chariot wheels of our descending King,
Your proud dominion broken while earth and heaven ring.
Hosanna! Redemption draweth nigh.

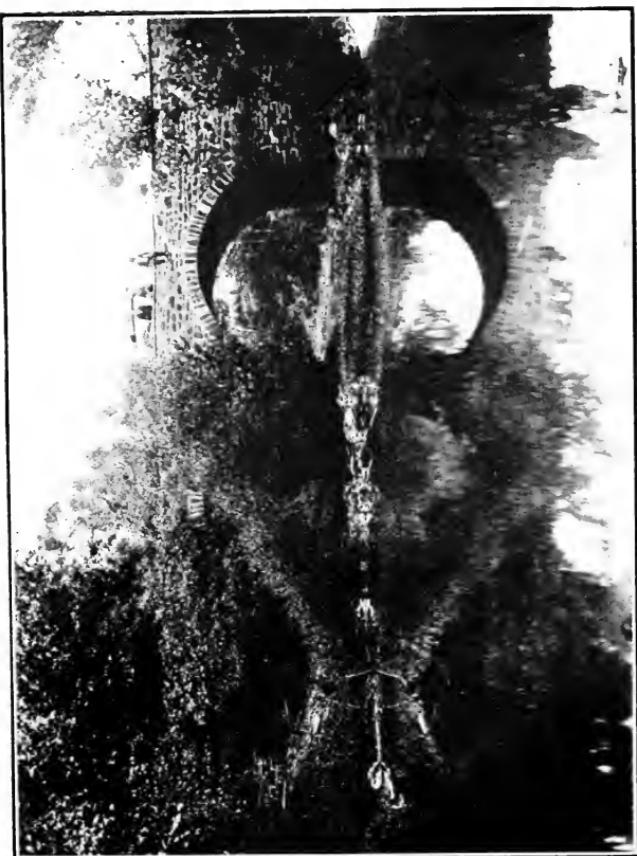
Alma Mater

DEDICATED TO THE CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Alma Mater, queenly spouse,
Helpmeet to the word of truth;
Thoughts of thee within us rouse
All the glowing hopes of youth,
As when nurtured at thy knee,
Subject to thy fond command,
Plucking leaves from wisdom's tree,
Thence to scatter through the land.

Alma Mater, we thy sons
Own the charm that still entralls,
And from year to year becomes
Deeper reverence for thy walls—
Walls that strong in virtue stand,
Fair with truth's proportion just,
Reared by love's most generous hand
They shall not return to dust.

Alma Mater, in our veins
Flows the current of thy heart,
Thine our knowledge, thine our aims
As thou didst thyself impart.
God, the spirit, brought thee forth
Richly dowered with learning's store;
Thou hast proved thy Heaven-born worth;
God be with thee evermore.



STONE BRIDGE ON THE WARRENTON AND ALEXANDRIA TURNPIKE, CROSSING
BULL RUN. OPENING GUN 6 A. M. JULY, 1861.

Appomattox

No humble spot of earth by human deeds exalted—
Can vie with thee in issues of such moral weight—
And far-extending influence.
For here the red and angry brow of war—
Was tamed and tranquilized by winsome face and
gentle voice of peace.
And such a peace!
No shade nor shred of compromise with valor nor
with honor—
But manhood's noblest, bravest, best.
Crushed but unconquered Lee, the good and great—
Tendered his sword to Grant, the strong and true—
In mercy's name and for his country's sake.
And while these two within their hands—
Held fluttering the nation's bleeding heart—
The tide of battle halted till the verdict came.
That verdict, as we know, was peace,
Peace that exalted *manhood* North and South—
And on its forehead wrote—
“They twain are one.”

My Country! 'tis of Thee

S. F. SMITH.

New Music by Rev. T. D. D. CLARK.



1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our father's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died! Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal tongues awake, Let all that
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright, With freedom's



pilgrim's pride! From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.



Comfort Never Comes too Late

Comfort never comes too late,
Laggard tho' she often seemis,
Drowsy priestess of blind fate,
Mumbling crone of fevered dreams.

So she seems when lowering clouds
Usher in affliction's night,
When despair the soul enshrouds
And escape is out of sight.

But in truth, sweet comfort dwells
Hard by sorrow's jungle path,
And her pitying bosom swells
Eager to give all she hath.

Girded she awaits the word
That awakes the heart to song—
Waits with patience on her Lord,
Even tho' He tarry long.

For this truth she ponders well
That the night precedes the day,
And from sorrow's darkened cell
Breaks at last serenest ray.

Comfort never comes too late;
'Tis redemption's side of sorrow.
Soul, to-day in patience wait,
Thou shalt shout and sing to-morrow.

To My Foster-Mother

Among the faces age can never fade,
Among the memories time can never dim
One has a special, a peculiar charm,
A face, a memory eloquent of Him.

Of Him who is the radiant door of hope
Who smiles a welcome to contrition's knock,
The sure foundation of the trusting soul
Secure, abiding, Jesus Christ the Rock.

A face, a memory eloquent of Him
My roving feet unconscious long had sought
When found at last it took within my heart
A place akin to that His precious blood has bought.

O quiet, strong and restful face
That smiled its welcome at the open door,
Thrice blessed memory of maternal love
That saved my youth from wandering more and
more.

Not many years remain to either now,
Soon for us both the bell of time will toll,
But e'er its muffled tongue shall sound the last fare-
well—
I offer thee this tribute of my soul.

Idle Words

We scorn the shiftless vagabond
Who whines but will not work,
Whose influence on other men
Disposes them to shirk.

We justly chide the idler
And grudge him time and place,
Where God, the Spirit, is at work
Redeeming our lost race.

To have no purpose, plan nor part
In life's industrial school
Defeats creation's righteous aim
And stamps the man a fool.

* * * * *

All true, dear friend, I freely grant,
But if we seek we'll find
All unsuspected close at home
The loungers of the mind.

An aimless, heedless, vicious mob,
 Bold vagrants of the soul
Intent on seeking self to please,
 Who sneer at wise control.

Such are the idle words we speak,
 The worthless spawn of mental riot,
The swaggering rowdies of the tongue
 Who dare Jehovah's righteous fiat.

For Christ declares, and He must know,
 Our words shall justify or else condemn
And answer loudly to our names
 When God shall judge the ways of men.

Each heart gives character to speech,
 And each at last will find
That words are things not passing sounds :
 They are the image of the mind.

Let plan and purpose then have sway
 In every recess of the soul.
Yoke language with the Saviour's thought
 And yield your tongue to its control.

Let fashion, custom, social form
 Follow, not lead your mode of speech ;
Remember this, your words are you,
 And you must give account of each.

Oom Paul

I'm glad the end has come, Oom Paul.
 Your brave, old heart is still ;
You battled for the right, Oom Paul ;
 No man can wish you ill.

What, though you learned the patriot's part
 From Israelitish story,
And trusted more the martial art
 Than faith in winning glory.

I would not judge you by the rule,
 To which our minds are trained ;
Yours was a hard and rugged school,
 In which faith's eye was strained.

And yet you magnified The Book, Oom Paul,
 And gave to God the place supreme ;
We honor you for this, Oom Paul,
 Now that earth's glory is a dream.

The name of Dutchman, from this hour,
 Is blazoned high in memory's hall.
Oom Paul, its latest, greatest dower,
 "The noblest Roman of them all."

Our Dorcas

MISS I. N., MANASSAS, VA.



ON noiseless hinge the gate of Paradise swings back, and she we loved is gone. Gone with the throng of blood-washed saints who press her hand and guide her willing feet up to His presence, who, enthroned in light, waits to extend the Elder Brother's welcome. Oh blessed close of life's tumultuous round, oh restful silence that brings end to pain, rebuke our tears and nerve our heavy hands for purer service as we breathe her name. On noiseless hinge the gate of Paradise swings back and she we loved is gone, but in the shining track by which she went to God, we, by His grace, shall one day follow and meet her there where partings are unknown.

Original Lines Dedicated to the Society of The Army of the Potomac

ON THE OCCASION OF ITS VISIT TO MANASSAS, VA., MAY
10 AND 11, 1905.

Comrades of Potomac's pride who in valor's name
Turn from the winsome present to the war-worn
past,

Neighbors and friends, we hail your presence now
With song and prayer, and not with bugle blast.

May thrilling memories spread a hallowing shade
On any rankling wound the years have failed to heal.
May echoing fame dispel the haunting gloom
As shafts of light the dawn of day reveal.

We yield to none in friendship's honest welcome,
We shun with scorn aversion's grudging way.
Our common sorrow and our common pain
Have long since ushered in the better day.

Our hearts and hands are one to brush away
The blinding cobwebs of misunderstanding's snare;
Our doors swing wide, we bid you enter freely,
And of our portion claim a brother's share.

Comrades of Potomac's pride who in valor's name
Turn from the winsome present to the war-worn
past
Its shadows dwindle for the sun is high,
And we each other understand at last.

Farewell

Kind reader, though unknown to me
By face or yet by name,
In spirit we have shaken hands,
And we shall meet again.

For minds congenial meet and greet,
With scant respect for social form,
Known or unknown by name or sight,
Twin thoughts are intimate as sons twin born.

My simple lines make light demand
On wisdom's vast and varied lore;
The utmost bound of their intent
Is oil on human woes to pour.

If gnawing memories' maddening pain
Has by my word obtained relief;
If hopeless hearts have been inspired,
If solace has been found for grief—

I know the word was His, not mine,
And to Him let the praise redound;
I only held the pen while He
Did guide it by His love profound.

Kind reader, though unknown to me
By face or yet by name,
In spirit we have shaken hands;
Good-by, we'll meet again.









